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Try an ad. in the Kentuckian.

THIS AND THAT.

The world's production of copper in 1900 is estimated at 471,000 tons.

The population of the British empire is 26 per 100 of the population of the world.

There is plenty of dust in California, and oranges when picked are usually so dirty that they have to be cleaned before they are packed.

By the new apportionment, Cook county, Ill., which includes Chicago, will have, two years hence, 57 of the 153 members of the house of representatives of Illinois.

In the case of Enos vs. Snyder (Cal.), 63 Pac. Rep. 179, it was held that a person has no property in his own dead body so as to be able to dispose of it by will, but that the next of kin are entitled to the right of burial.

A Hoboken couple have entered into a strange ante-nuptial contract. The man contributes five dollars weekly to a common fund and the woman ten dollars. When the sum of \$1,500 is in the pool they are to be married.

The state of New York has at the present time, in round numbers, 22,000 insane patients under care, which implies an original outlay of \$20,000,000 for hospitals and their equipments, and an annual expenditure of \$5,000,000 for the care and treatment of the inmates.

The town of Fenton, about 15 miles from St. Louis, enjoys the distinction of being the only incorporated town in the United States that is not governed by some kind of town officers. It was incorporated half a century ago. It was then supposed that Fenton would be one of the large towns surrounding St. Louis, but it failed to grow; the people became disappointed and did not think it worth the trouble to elect officers.

A VENERABLE ANTEDILUVIAN.

It is a Giant to Us But Small Among Its Own Kin.

An antediluvian animal millions of years old, nobody knows how old, has been restored skeletonwise in the Peabody museum, of Yale university, by the authorities of the museum. It will be a feature of the scientific exhibit for the bicentennial celebration of the university next October.

The scientific name of the monster reptile is Claosaurus Annectens Marsh. It was dug up in Converse county, Wyo., several years ago, by a party of investigators, headed by J. B. Fletcher, of the Peabody museum, working under the direction of Prof. Othniel C. Marsh, the late eminent authority on vertebrate animals. The skeleton has been in the museum ever since. Two years ago its restoration was begun by Mr. Hugh Gibb, assistant to Prof. Charles E. Beecher, curator of the museum, who supervised the work.

Some idea of the dimensions of the animal may be secured from the following details: The animal is 29 feet 3 inches in length. The height of the head above the base is 13 feet 2 inches. The height of shoulders above the base is 10 feet 2 inches. Length of tail 13 feet 7 inches, and length of hind limbs 9 feet 5 inches.

Prof. Beecher said of the animal: "The dinosaur was a herbivorous reptile. It has been called the 'dragon of the prime.' The order is wholly extinct, not a descendant of the order being left alive anywhere. The dinosaur wandered all over this country, over Europe, Africa, in India, New Zealand and Australia. It was as harmless as a toad, despite its great size. The one we have mounted was a comparatively small specimen. We have the bones of one 20 times as large, but we have not the money to spend in restoring and mounting it. Nor would we have the room to exhibit it."

"This specimen is mounted to show the animal in rapid motion. There is nothing dead about its attitude."

"It is interesting to note that the form is birdlike. That will strike you at a glance. The feet are really chicken feet, having the same number of joints and toes. The fore-feet were not used in locomotion, but were prehensile organs, and the thumb was undoubtedly opposite to every finger. The teeth were placed in the back of the mouth, not in front. That indicates that they were used to grind, not bite, food."

"With the animal were found a great number of bony scales, such as are found in the skin of your alligators. These have been preserved and partially restored, so that we have been able to see what was the nature of the covering, or hide, of the animal."—N. Y. Herald.

A Thing Many People Forget.

Wages isn't the only item in working as a farm hand; things taste good.

TO A DEAD MINSTREL.

Beside the maple's mossy foot
The hermit thrush lies dead,
Among the white anemones,
Like tapers 'round its bed.

Its downy breast of dappled gray,
Its russet wings are still,
Its velvet throat will never more
With heavenly music thrill.

At evening's golden afterglow
What happiness was mine
To hear from out the leafy choir
That evensong divine.

So pure and sweet that other sounds
Seemed hushed in silent prayer
The while that matchless melody
Filled all the listening air.

Sweet minstrel of the twilight hour,
When purple shadows creep
Through dimly-lighted forest aisles
And flowers close in sleep—

Is there no land beyond the stars
Where we shall hear again
Thy hymn of perfect peace and joy
When life is free from pain?

Shall we alone, with sordid lives
Misspent and prone to sin,
Of all God's children be the few
Eternal life to win?

Each day you did the Father's will
And praised Him with a psalm,
Whose peace fell on the troubled heart.
Like Gilead's healing balm.

And cannot He who made the suns
And sees the sparrow's fall
Provide a home so fair and large
That it will shelter all?

—Henry J. Sawe, in Chicago Evening Post.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE TOTEM BEAR

By William Murray Graydon.

TWO men stood on the primitive landing stage at Nuchuk, the little Alaskan settlement whose huts and cabins clustered round an indentation of Cook's inlet. A short distance out in the harbor the cargo steamer Yukon lay at anchor.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" said Markham, an elderly and experienced trader, who was the company's agent at Nuchuk. "You must decide quickly, for there ain't much time. Better stop over for the next boat. It's a rare chance, for you are sure to fetch back a totem bear—perhaps a couple of 'em."

"And the risk of Indians? The tribes on the headwaters of the Copper river have a bad name."

"They won't molest us," Markham replied, hurriedly. "Come, what do you say?" he added. "The Yukon sails within the hour."

"Let her sail," exclaimed Quin, with sudden decision. "I don't go with her—I've chosen for the totem bear."

Two days later Quin and Markham, with ten hired coast Indians, were traveling north. A journey of 120 miles through an unexplored region, attended with numerous difficulties and hardships, brought them to a good-sized tributary of the Copper river. Here they camped, and a fortnight was spent in constructing from felled trees, by the aid of what tools they had been able to transport, a long, narrow barge with a tiny cabin in the middle. This was completed one evening, and the next morning the Indians were missing to a man.

The two voyagers embarked the following morning, and three days later, towards the close of the afternoon, they were drifting on the deep, rapid tide of the Copper river.

"When are we going to tie up?" asked Quin.

"Oh, any time you like. We had better slip on a mile or two, though." As Markham spoke his face brightened and his perplexed expression vanished. He stood in a listening attitude, gazing at a tall pinnacle or rock that had suddenly been revealed by a curve of the channel. From far down the river floated a dull, roaring noise.

"There are rapids yonder," he added. "We'll lay up here for the night, and run them in the morning."

He bent to the oar, and within five minutes the boat was alongside the right-hand shore, where it was made fast to the stump of a tree. It lay in deep, swift water, off the end of a promontory that jutted a dozen yards into the river. Immediately below was the mouth of a valley.

"By heavens, look yonder!" exclaimed Markham.

Glancing in line with his companion's outstretched arm, Quin beheld a huge animal standing 20 feet away at the edge of the timber. He had no need to ask what it was. He knew that he was in the presence of a totem bear—the first he had seen.

For a brief instant, swinging its massive head, the brute surveyed the two men. Then, with a sudden growl, it turned and galloped clumsily into the forest.

"I must have that bear!" cried Quin. "It's a pity to shoot him, but I can't take him alive."

When they had gone nearly a mile up the valley the big footprints seemed to suddenly disappear. They pushed on for 100 yards, then stopped. Night was close at hand, and the forest was as dim as twilight.

"We've lost the brute!" exclaimed Quin.

"Yes, he must have turned off the path," said Markham. "We'll go a little farther."

They left the path, bore for a short distance to the left through the trees and emerged on a small clearing. They saw before them, standing darkly against the purple twilight, a low, square structure of logs. It resembled a hut, though it had neither door nor window, and on the top of it squatted a huge carved image—a totem bear.

"There must be a village near by," whispered Quin. "This looks like the burial place of an Indian chief."

"That's what it is—a chief's grave," Markham replied, eagerly. "I'm in luck to find the spot again."

top of the structure. "Come down. Don't desecrate the dead."

"It's all right," was the reply. "There's something in here I want." As he spoke his weight caused the grave to suddenly collapse, and with a crash logs and totem fell in a sprawling ruin, a quick leap saving Markham from injury.

He landed on his feet and uttered a sharp cry of alarm. A great, black, animal, erect on its hind legs, was shuffling towards the two men. It was the totem bear they had tracked.

Markham's rifle flew to his shoulder, but with marvelous rapidity, with a rasping growl of rage, the beast struck the weapon a blow that snapped it in two. Markham sprang back, and the next instant the loud report of Quin's rifle was heard. Hit in a vital part, the monstrous bear came heavily to earth, gave a few convulsive struggles and lay still.

"You've done it," said Markham. "And there will be the devil to pay now! Listen!"

"Indians!" exclaimed Quin. "Yes; you've stirred up the village—it's just over yonder. Heaven help us if we are caught!"

"We must cut and run for it!"

"Yes! But wait one moment." With that Markham plunged into the ruins of the grave, piled the logs this way and that, and quickly emerged with a heavy canvas bag a foot and a half long in his two hands.

"Gold! gold!" he cried, breathlessly. "I'll explain later."

By good luck they struck the path, and by what little light was left they were able to follow it. It was a race for life, and the odds were with the pursuers. The Indians gained steadily. "Give them a shot if you can," gasped Markham.

Quin turned and fired, aiming at a dark object. A yell of agony echoed through the forest.

From close in the rear they heard the crashing undergrowth, a blood-curdling snarl, and then the quick, muffled patter of heavy feet.

"It's another bear—the mate to the



"I MUST HAVE THAT BEAR," CRIED QUIN.

dead one!" exclaimed Markham. "Shoot it!"

But as Quin turned with that intention he tripped over the bole of a tree and the rifle flew out of his hands. He groped after it vainly for a few seconds—he dared not pause longer—and then he rose and overtook his companion, to whom he related his loss. The bear was in hot pursuit, growling with fury.

"Drop the gold, you idiot!" shouted Quin.

"Never! I'll save it or die!"

But they were nearer to the river than they supposed, and a moment later they burst out of the forest and ran to the end of the spit of land. Side by side they leaped aboard the boat, Markham dropping the bag of gold with a crash, while Quin instantly severed the mooring rope with a stroke of his knife.

But the bear was at their heels, and without hesitation, just as the craft swung off the shore, the angry animal sprang in at the stern. He made a rush for the two men, who barely in time escaped to the cabin and closed and barred the door.

"We're lost!" cried Markham. "We have no firearms, and it's sure death to try to get to the sweep. The falls are just below—the worst in all Alaska—and they'll smash us to bits."

"You seem to know a lot about it," said Quin, hoarsely. "Man, you have deceived me."

"I have," admitted the wretched trader. "But I meant it for the best. I was up here four years ago after gold, and when the Indians got after us we hid the stuff in that grave. My two comrades were killed and I had a narrow squeak of it myself. That's why I wanted to come back—to recover the bag of gold. I intended to divide with you, but I was afraid that if I told you before we started—"

Of what happened next Quin retained afterward only a blurred recollection, but by clinging to a part of the cabin he survived the peril of wave and reef, and finally floated ashore in a greatly exhausted state several miles below the scene of the disaster. The gold was at the bottom of the river, and both the bear and Markham had been drowned—there was no doubt of that.

Quin spent a day in searching vainly for the trader's body, and then, having started on foot toward the coast, he found an Indian canoe. In this he paddled down the stream, subsisting on fruits and berries during the journey, and a week later he safely arrived at Nuchuk, little the worse for his terrible experience.—Boston Globe.

Painful Revelation.

"Delia," said Mrs. Wunterby, who had some "nice people" to dinner and was trying to make an impression, "it seems to me the coffee looks a trifle weak."

"It ain't the coffee's fault, ma'am," replied Delia. "It's too much crame we put in it."